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Doll Betsy.



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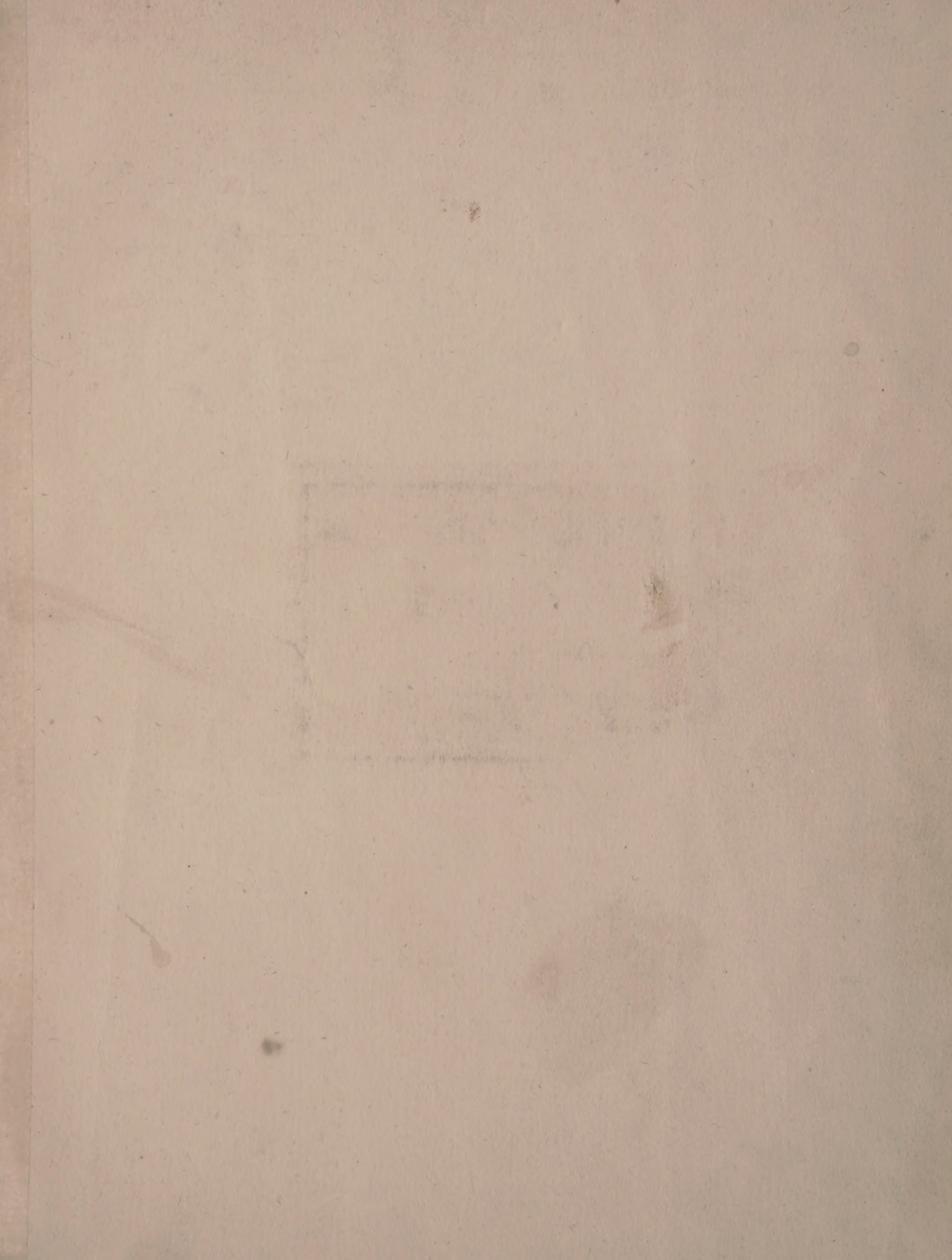
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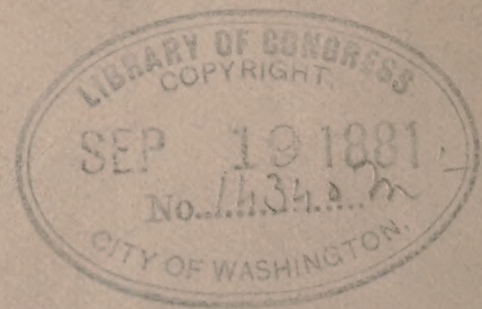


DOLL BETSY

AT THE POST-OFFICE.

AND OTHER STORIES.

BY
KATE TANNATT WOODS.



BOSTON:
D. LOTHROP & COMPANY,
FRANKLIN ST., CORNER OF HAWLEY.

[1881]

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CONTENTS.

DOLL BETSY.

HOW ROBBY CAME TO BE TARDY.

PEGGY'S SLED.

DODE'S SCHOOL DAYS.

SISSY'S STORE.

TID-ER-E-I.

HOW MOOLY COW TALKED.

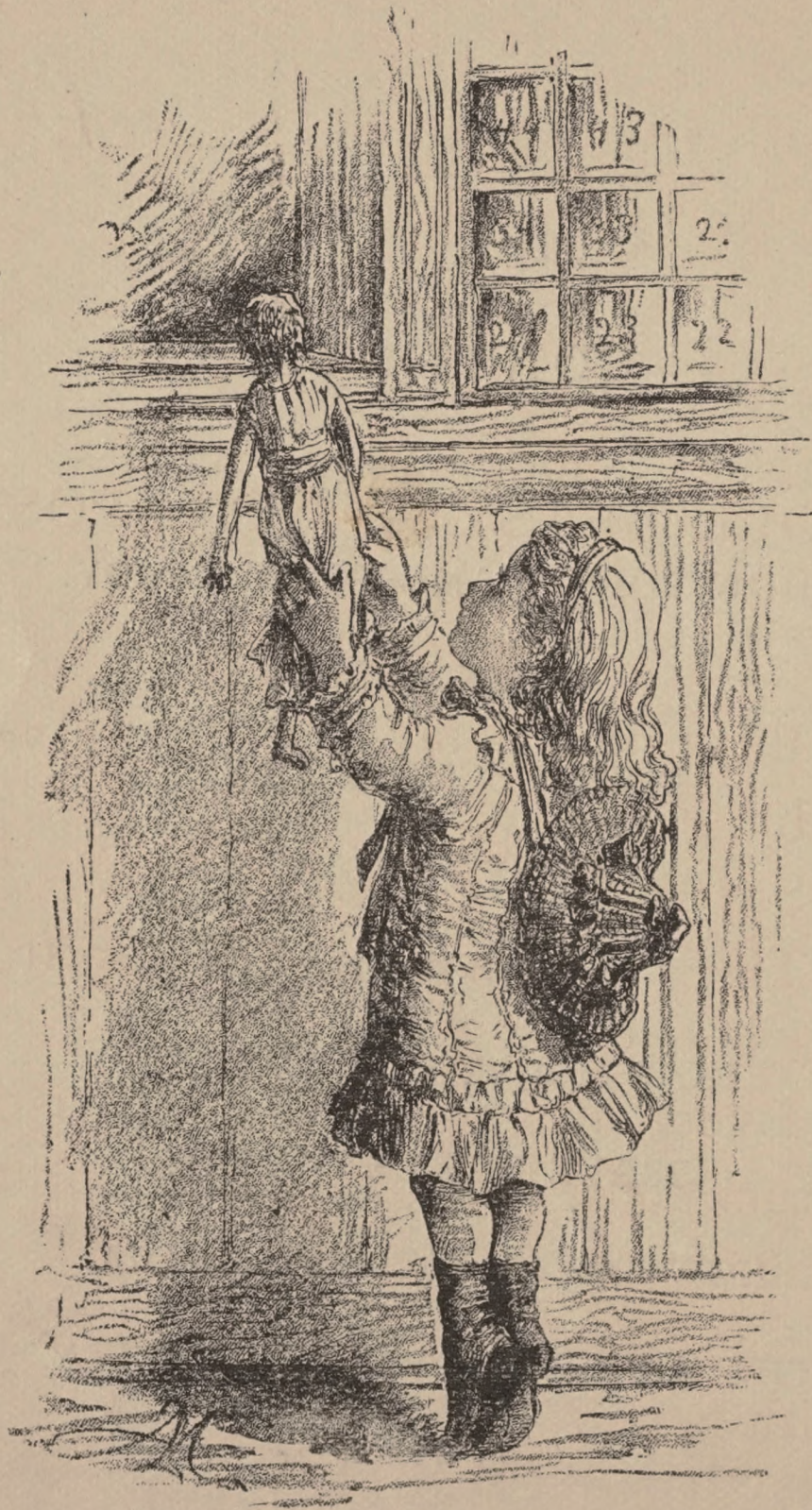
BRAVE LITTLE DIMPLE.

HOW TOOTS HELPED MAMMA.

THE KITE THAT WOULD NOT FLY.

THE STORY OF A MITTEN.

POLLY-KATE.



DOLL BETSY AT THE POST-OFFICE.

DOLL BETSY AT THE POST-OFFICE.

Little Bell Gray was four years old.

She lived in a small village.

The Post-office was not far from her home.

Every afternoon, when the clock struck four, little Bell went for the mail.

She always took her doll, Betsy, with her.

Doll Betsy was not pretty.

DOLL BETSY AT THE POST-OFFICE.

Doll Betsy's nose was broken.

One of Doll Betsy's eyes was gone.

One of Doll Betsy's legs was very very crooked.

Yet Doll Betsy was a great help to her little four-year-old mistress.

This little four-year-old mistress could not reach up to the post-office window.

So she held Doll Betsy up as high as she could.

When the post-master saw Doll Betsy, he knew who was there.

He would say, "Ah, Betsy, how is Miss Bell to-day?"

Then a little voice from below would answer, "Pretty well. Sixty-two, please."

DOLL BETSY AT THE POST-OFFICE.

"Sixty-two," was the number of Mr. Gray's box.

Then the post-master would give Bell all the mail in box sixty-two.

Once little Bell was sick a long time. The post-master missed her very much.

One day he sat reading a paper.

He heard a small voice say, "Oh, my arm aches so!"

He looked up.

There was Doll Betsy at the window.

Then the post-master came out and shook hands with little Bell.

And behold, that very day there was a letter there for Bell herself!

It was from her aunt in Boston.

That made Bell very happy.

DOLL BETSY AT THE POST-OFFICE.

Then Bell wanted Doll Betsy to have a letter.

She asked the post-master for one very often.

“Poor Betsy!” said Bell; “She *needs* a letter.”

One day there came a letter for Doll Betsy.

On the envelope was written :

“For Little Bell’s Betsy.”

Bell clapped her hands.

She ran home as fast as she could.

She held Doll Betsy while mamma read the letter.

“Doll Betsy : You ought to be very glad that you are so beloved by so kind a little girl. A Friend.”

Bell always wished she knew who wrote that beautiful letter.

HOW ROBBY CAME TO BE TARDY.

When Robby was three years old he went to a kindergarten.

Robby liked that kind of school.

He liked to handle the pretty blocks.

He liked to shape the clay into little rabbits and cats. He liked to make rabbits and cats because the ears stood up so sharp.

He liked to take stitches in the cardboard.

He stitched a great many blue

HOW ROBBY CAME TO BE TARDY.

and pink horse-shoes. He made twelve match-scratchers at Christmas, with horse-shoes on them.

After he was five years old, he did not go to the kindergarten any more.

He went to a Primary school.

He did not like the Primary school, because he had to sit still.

It was hard work for Robby to sit still. He said it made his toes uneasy.

When he sat at his little desk he felt sleepy.

He wished they would sing oftener.

He wished he could stand up and read ten times instead of once.

He liked to answer questions.

He did not like to sit in his seat and study.

Sometimes his teacher was sorry

HOW ROBBY CAME TO BE TARDY.

when she saw Robby's hot cheeks and sleepy eyes.

One warm summer forenoon, she said, "Robby, you may take a walk in the yard."

Robby was glad. He put on his straw hat and went out.

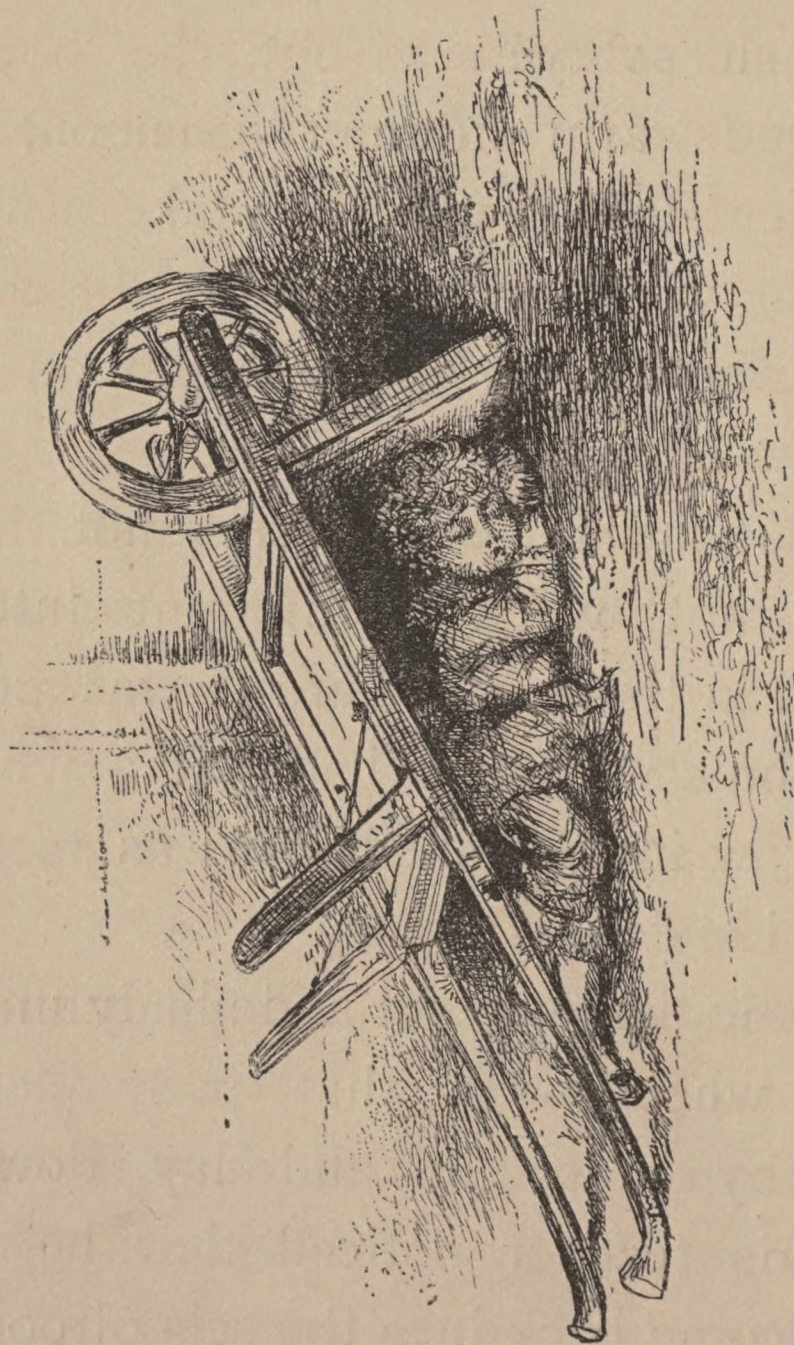
But the sun shone very hot. He did not walk. He went into a shed in the yard where it was cool.

Some workmen had left a wheelbarrow in this shed. It was turned up side down.

It looked so cool and shady under the wheelbarrow that poor sleepy Robby crept in and lay down.

His teacher noticed that he did not come back into the schoolroom.

"Poor little fellow," said she, "he



A COOL PLACE FOR A NAP.

HOW ROBBY CAME TO BE TARDY.

must have felt bad and gone home."

When school was out, the boys and girls went home at once. No one went into the shed.

Mr. Joy, who had charge of the shed, also went home to dinner.

He said to his hired man, "It is so hot, we will not try to finish the work at the school-building to-day. You may stop, as you go by, and lock the shed."

So John, the hired man, stopped, and locked the shed door.

"Now," said he, "the boys cannot touch the tools."

When the school-bell rang in the afternoon, Robby did not come.

His teacher sent to ask his mother if Robby was sick.

HOW ROBBY CAME TO BE TARDY.

Robby's mother said she had told him he might take dinner with his aunt who lived near the school-house.

They went to the aunt's house, but Robby had not been there.

Then both Robby's teacher and mother felt alarmed.

Some of the large boys were sent to look for him.

Robby's mother went up and down the yard calling, "Robby! Robby!"

By-and-by she heard a noise in the tool-shed.

A voice said, "Let me out! let me out!"

But no one could open the door. Mr. Joy was sent for.

When he unlocked the door, every-

HOW ROBBY CAME TO BE TARDY.

body looked in and saw Robby under the wheelbarrow.

He could not get out alone.

He had been asleep for three hours.

That was the reason why Robby was "tardy."



PEGGY'S SLED.

Little Peggy lived in the country.
She was only six years old, but
she went to school every day.

She went in summer and in winter.
She went with her older brother,
Daniel.

The school-house was a mile from
little Peggy's home.

When the snow was deep, Daniel
drew her to school on a sled.

Daniel made this sled himself.
He made it of a dry-goods box.

PEGGY'S SLED.

He bought the dry-goods box at the store for ten cents.

He nailed some rough strong runners to the bottom of the box.

Then Peggy's older sister lined the box with some warm, thick flannel.

She also made a nice fur robe for the funny little sleigh. She made this robe out of an old muff.

When little Peggy sat in this sleigh, all tucked in, she looked very pretty and comfortable.

She wore a red hood, and a red cloak, and red mittens.

Daniel was a very fast horse when he drew the little sleigh.

Sometimes he wore a string of bells, and the bells tinkled and jingled as he ran.

PEGGY'S SLED.

At the school-house door, he helped Peggy out, and she ran in with the fur robe and her dinner basket.

Some of the large girls helped her take off her hood and cloak, and hung them up for her.

Daniel always tied the sled to an evergreen tree behind the school-house.

After school was over, he untied it, and drew Peggy home again.

One morning Daniel had a sore throat.

He could not take Peggy to school.

It was a cold winter morning, but Peggy cried to go.

"If you are so fond of school as

PEGGY'S SLED.

that," said Peggy's papa, "I will take you myself."

It was great fun for Peggy to see her tall papa draw the sled.

He galloped, and made the snow fly like a span of big horses.

"Here is a little girl that cried to come to school," said he to the teacher. "I wish one of the boys would draw her home to-night, as Daniel is sick."

Then he hitched the sled to the evergreen tree and went home.

When school closed at night, one of the boys went to get the sled to draw little Peggy home.

But the sled could not be found.

There were many tracks around the evergreen tree.



THE BOY THAT STOLE PEGGY'S SLED.

PEGGY'S SLED.

But they were not sled tracks.

They were boot tracks.

Some boy had stolen Peggy's sled.

He had carried it away in his arms, so that his naughty act need not be found out.

When little Peggy found that her pretty sled was gone, how she did cry!

"What shall I do?" she sobbed.

"I cannot get home to-night."

"Yes you can, little one," said the teacher.

Then the teacher told the boys to go to the grove and cut down three small young pine trees.

"Leave all the branches on," she said.

When the boys brought the trees,

PEGGY'S SLED.

the teacher and the boys tied them together with some strong cords.

Then she made a little seat among the branches.



PEGGY'S QUEER SLED.

This seat was made of two large atlases.

Then they placed little Peggy on the seat, and the green branches came up all around her.

PEGGY'S SLED.

The little fur robe lay over her feet.

Then away the laughing team of boys ran with her.

Peggy enjoyed the ride in the pretty evergreen sleigh very much.

Peggy's mother was astonished when this queer sled and laughing span of horses drove up to her back door and her little girl hopped out.

They never learned who stole the sled, but Daniel made another for her just like it.

DODE'S SCHOOL DAYS.

Washington is the capital of the United States.

The President lives in Washington.

Dode lives in Washington, too.

I have often seen Dode in Washington.

Her real name is Theodora, but everyone calls her Dode.

Dode is a little black girl. Her mother is very poor.

One day a kind lady said to Dode's

DODE'S SCHOOL DAYS.

mother. "Dode may come and live with me. I will give her some clothes. I will send her to school. She can wait upon me when she is not in school."

Dode was eight years old. But she had never been in a school-room.

She was glad to live in a fine house.

She was very glad to have neat clothes like other little girls.

The lady gave her three pretty gowns.

She gave her a pair of stout shoes.

She gave her a pair of striped stockings.



APPY DODE.

DODE'S SCHOOL DAYS.

Dode danced for joy when she saw the striped stockings.

"Now I is like white folks."

Dode did not know that she should say "am " instead of "is."

Every morning, before breakfast, Dode swept the brick sidewalk in front of the house.

It was very funny to see her; the broom was so tall, and Dode was so short.

She would sweep a little.

Then she would stop and look at her gown.

Then she would sweep a little more.

Then she would stop and look at her striped stockings.

DODE'S SCHOOL DAYS.

So it sometimes took Dode a long time to sweep the sidewalk.

When she was very happy, she sang songs while she swept.

Dode made these songs herself.

One song had this verse:

“Dode you is a happy girl,

Yes, you is!

Just like pretty white girl now,

Yes, you is!”

Dode did not know that she should say “am,” instead of “is.”

One morning Dode's mistress called to her from the window:

“You must sweep faster, little girl. School begins this morning.”

Dode stopped singing. She swept as fast as she could.

DODE'S SCHOOL DAYS.

When she started for school, with a white ruffle in the neck of her gown, she felt very proud. She held her head very high.

"How old are you, Theodora?" asked the teacher.

"Next to Sam," said Theodora.

"How old is Sam?" said the teacher.

"Next to me," said Theodora.

Then the children laughed.

The teacher pointed to a large A.

"Can you tell me what this letter is called?" she asked.

"Looks like mammy's toasting-fork," said Dode.

"Do you know any of the letters?" asked the teacher.

"No, miss," said Dode, "only the

DODE'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

dancing one, and the one like pappy's saw-horse."

The teacher found that S was the "dancing letter," and that X was like the saw-horse.

"Well, little girl," said the teacher, "if you will come every day I will teach you to read."

When recess-time came Dode went out with the rest of the girls. But she did not go back into the school-house with them.

Dode's mistress tried to learn why Dode disliked to go to school.

What do you suppose Dode said?

"I can't get any learning where they say *one letter at a time!*"

So ended Dode's school-days.

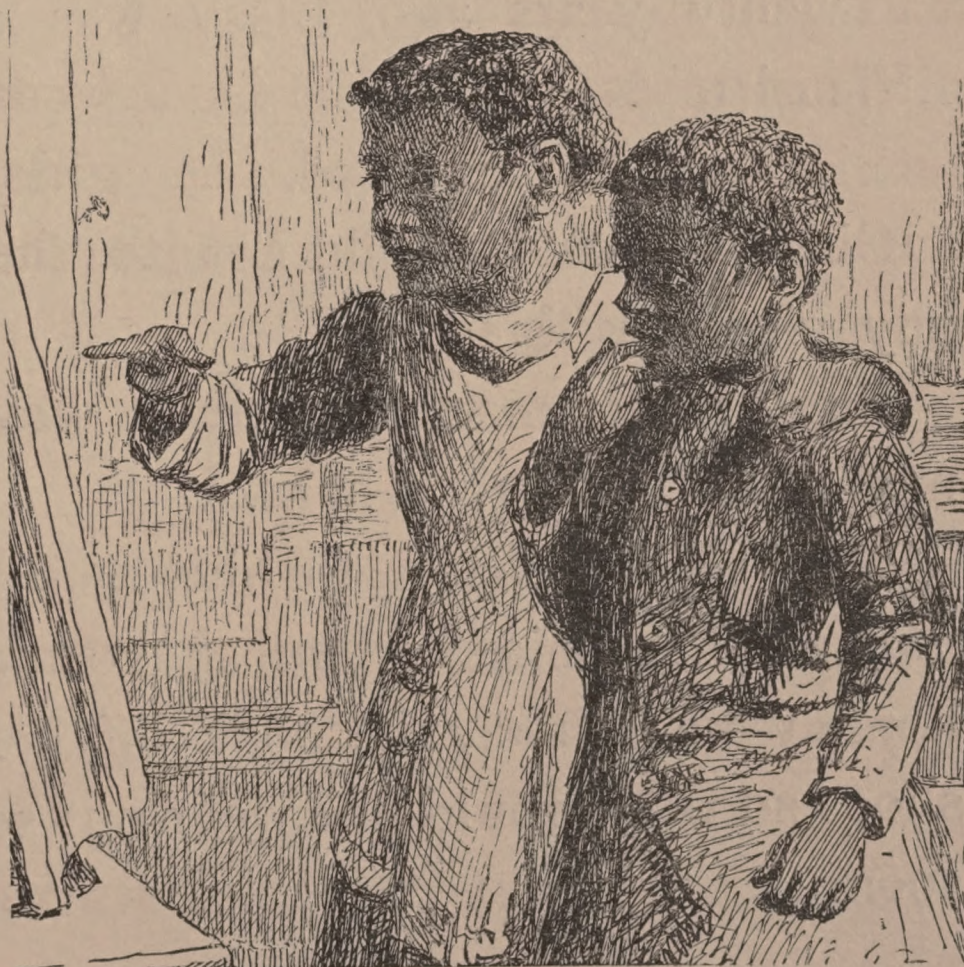
She still sweeps the brick walks

DODE'S SCHOOL DAYS.

every morning, and she still sings like a bird :

“Dode, you is a happy girl,
Yes, you is !”

I am afraid Dode will never learn to say “are ” instead of “is.”



SISSY'S STORE.

Twenty years ago, Sissy was a little girl.

Sissy's papa was dead.

Sissy's mamma could not buy her any nice playthings.

Sissy's mamma had only a little money. She worked hard.

Sissy tried hard to help her mamma. At night when she came home from school, she took off her shoes so they would not wear out so soon.

SISSY'S STORE.

Sissy could not have new shoes often.

There were two little brothers to buy shoes for, beside herself.

But Sissy was always a happy, smiling little girl.

One day Sissy said she was going to "keep a store."

Her mamma thought she meant to play "keep store."

But Sissy meant to keep a store that would bring her some money to use.

She was certain she could earn some money as well as mamma.

Sissy's store was in a woodshed.

The little merchant made all the things that she sold.

Sissy was a wise little merchant.

SISSY'S STORE.

She knew that her customers would be little girls and boys. So she made playthings to sell.

She made little paper boats.

She made paper travelling bags.

She made paper air-castles.

She made dolls' trunks with pretty straps and buckles.

She made Jacob's ladders, and many other pretty playthings out of paper.

Her paper was of many different colors.

Sissy and her brother pinned some of the playthings on the woodshed wall.

She placed some of them on an old table.



SISSY'S STORE.

Then she sent word to the children that the store was open.

Sissy sold these paper playthings to her customers for pins and nails.

A paper travelling bag cost one nail.

A paper boat cost two nails.

A paper air-castle cost five pins.

When they had sold all the playthings Sissy made more.

Then she changed the nails and pins into money.

She sold the nails to a man for two cents a pound.

She sold the pins to a dress-maker.

What do you suppose Sissy did with the money?

Bought candy?

SISSY'S STORE.

No.

Cakes ?

No.

Sissy saved every penny and bought her baby brother a pair of new shoes.

Sissy knew that would help mamma.

Mamma was very proud of her little merchant.

And how glad Sissy was when she placed the money in mamma's hand !

Sometimes Sissy made such pretty paper dolls that ladies would buy them for their little girls, and pay her money for them.

Sissy is a woman now.

She has a home of her own.

SISSY'S STORE.

The other day I saw her making a pretty paper boat for her little boy.

She told me this story of the store she kept when she was a little girl.

Was she not a good little girl?



TID-ER-E-I.

What a long, funny name "Tid-er-e-i" is for a pet!

But the little boy who owned this pet often called him "Tid."

The little boy did not keep Tid in the house.

O, no, Tid had a house of his own.

But Tid did not like to stay in his house.

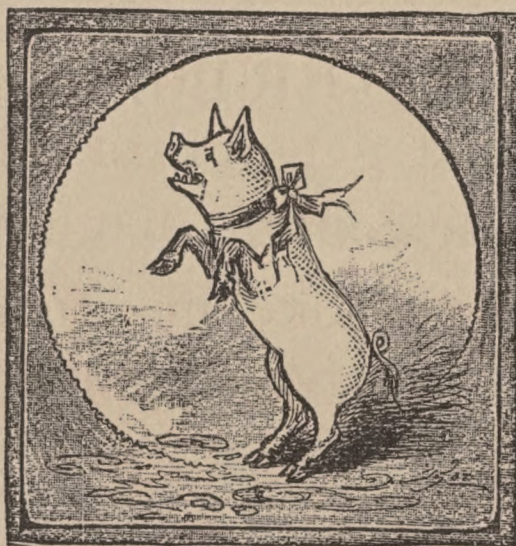
Tid always wished he could run around in the flower garden.

He wished he could go out through

TID-ER-E-I.

the gate with the little boy and girl who came to see him so often.

Sometimes when Tid thought about the garden he would stand



TID-ER-E-I.

right up on his hind legs and squeal.

Was Tid a little bear? No.

Was he a young fawn? No.

Was he a colt, a calf, or a rabbit?

No, no, no!

Tid was a pig. But he was a

TID-ER-E-I.

pretty pig, a small, plump, white, round pig.

He was so very white and pretty that the children sometimes dressed him up with ribbons.

But Tid was a little rogue.

He would get out of his house whenever he could.

He would poke his funny, pink nose under the door, and lift it up and squeeze out under it.

Then he would scamper into the garden to find the children!

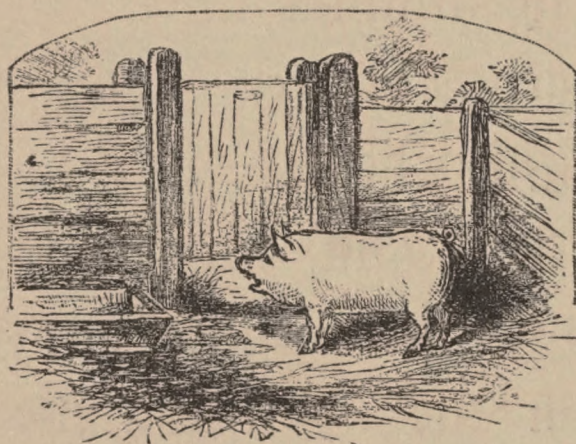
He ran about after them like a little dog.

Sometimes, when they were at play, he rolled over and over on the grass, and made a noise like this:
“Hoo-o! hoo-o!”

TID-ER-E-I.

The children called that Tid's laugh.

This funny pet got out of his house so often, and ran after the



TID'S NAUGHTY HABIT.

children so much, that Charlie, the hired man, was very cross about him.

Charlie was the one who had to mend the little house.

Charlie was the one who had to run after Tid-er-e-i and catch him, and put him back in his house.

TID-ER-E-I.

One pleasant moonlight evening the children were invited to a party.

The party was at a house near their own house.

It was in summer time.

Many city children were staying in the neighborhood.

The party was to be a large one.

"Now, children," said mamma, "you must keep very still when you pass Tid's house. You know Tid hears everything."

The children went on tip-toe past Tid's house.

They talked in whispers.

But Tid's quick little ears heard the light steps and the whispers.

"Ah," said he to himself, "they

TID-ER-E-I.

are going somewhere. I will go too."

Then Tid scratched with all his might. He soon had a hole under the boards. In a few minutes he was out.



"I WILL GO TOO!"

Then he came to the gate.

Naughty Tid! He raised that gate up and squeezed through!

Then how he ran!

He seemed to smell the children's footsteps, just as a dog would.

TID-ER-E-I.

The children were laughing and talking about him at the party.

"We are safe now," said Harry, his little master. "Tid did not hear us this time."

"Poor fellow," said the little sis-



OFF FOR THE PARTY.

ter. "How he would enjoy the party."

"I wish he *had* come!" said one of the city girls. "He is so cunning."

"*Ugh, ugh!*" said something at the window.

TID-ER-E-I.

All the children ran to the window.
There was Tid on the verandah,
looking in.

“What shall we do!” said his two
little owners. They were much
ashamed.

“Let him be,” said the little girl
who gave the party. “He knows
where you are. If you put him
back he will get out and come again.
Besides he will make such fun for us
all.”

“Do let him stay!” cried all the
children.

So little, white Tid staid at the
party.

He behaved very well.

When he squealed, the children
called it singing.

TID-ER-E-I.

When he made funny little noises, they called it laughing.

When he ran up and down the verandah, they called it dancing.

They all thought it was very funny to have a pig at a party.

Tid had some cake and some fruit when the children did.

His little owners took him home early.

They stopped at his house.

He went in like a good pig, when they opened the door.

All this happened many years ago, but his little owners have never forgotten their naughty, pretty little Tid-er-e-i.

HOW MOOLY COW TALKED

One morning Artie's mamma sat by the open window with Artie in her lap.

It was a bright summer day. Baby Artie watched the bees come and go around the flowers under the window.

Pretty vines hung about the window. Beautiful blossoms made the air sweet.

Artie and his mamma were all alone in the house.

HOW MOOLY COW TALKED.

The servants had gone out, and it was very still.

Suddenly they heard a loud "Moo! moo! moo!"

The sound came from the barn at the back of the house.

"Mooly cow is talking to her baby," said mamma.

"Moo! moo!" moo!" said the cow again.

This time it sounded as though she were frightened.

Patrick always took care of Mooly but he had gone to market.

Mamma thought she ought to go out and see what was the matter.

Just as she had made up her mind to go, a great head and pair of horns



MOOLY AND BOSS BELL.

HOW MOOLY COW TALKED.

came right in at the open window.

Artie was frightened.

He began to cry.

The more he cried the faster the cow "mooed."

Her eyes were very large. She put her big nose close to the lady's face. "Moo, moo, moo, moo!" she said as fast and loud as she could.

"Yes, I will come," said the lady.

She was not afraid of poor Mooly.

She took the crying boy in her arms and followed Mooly.

The barn was at the end of the large garden.

When Patrick went away he had shut the door. It was open now.

HOW MOLLY COW TALKED.

Mooly had burst it open with her horns and head.

When the lady went inside she saw that Boss Bell, Mooly's pretty calf, had got her head between two boards.

She was nearly strangled.

She had tried to get out of her pen and got caught.

Then Artie's mamma put Artie on some hay and found a hammer.

She knocked off the board and set the little calf free.

Poor little Boss Bell was so weak she could scarcely stand.

Mooly stopped mooing.

She kissed Boss Bell.

She was very happy.

HOW MOOLY COW TALKED.

She coaxed Boss Bell to go out in the garden.

The lady let them go. They staid in the shade of an apple-tree until Patrick came back.

When Patrick came, little Artie tried to tell him the story, by saying "*Moo! moo! moo!*" like the cow.

Do you wonder that Patrick said that Mooly knew as much as folks?



BRAVE LITTLE DIMPLE.

Dimple was a little girl who lived in New York city.

She had a pretty home.

She had a very kind papa and mamma.

She was a good little girl; but she was not always a sensible little girl.

Though she was six years old, she was afraid to go into a dark room.

One night, Dimple went down

BRAVE LITTLE DIMPLE.

stairs with the maid for some fresh water.

The maid tried to turn the gas light up, but instead she turned it down, and it went out.

How Dimple screamed !

She made such a great noise that all the people in the house ran to see what was the matter, and her mamma was ashamed of her.

Papa often talked to Dimple about light and darkness, day and night, and Dimple often promised not to be afraid any more.

But one night she cried for an hour.

What do you think it was for ?

Because her mamma asked her to bring a spool of thread from the next room.



BRAVE LITTLE DIMPLE.

"She must be cured of this foolish fault," said mamma.

"Yes, she must," said papa, "or she will grow up to be a coward."

Dimple thought about what they had said.

"I will cure myself," she said to herself. "I will not be a coward."

One day it rained hard and Dimple did not go to school.

It was very dark all day.

What do you suppose Dimple did that dark day?

She went all alone up to the dark attic.

She had been there with her mamma several times, but this time she did not have a lamp as mamma did.

BRAVE LITTLE DIMPLE.

At first she could not see where to step.

The light from the small window did not reach the corners.

Dimple moved about softly until she found an old cradle.

Her papa was rocked in this cradle when he was a baby.

Dimple got into this cradle and sat down.

There was a soft quilt in it.

By and by Dimple could see better.

She saw a great many boxes, and trunks, some old coats hanging up, and some baskets and bundles.

But she saw nothing that could hurt her.

BRAVE LITTLE DIMPLE.

She sang very softly a little song she sang at school.

Dimple was afraid there might be something hidden behind the chimney, but she said, "I will not be afraid. I will try to be sensible.

"This is my papa's house. He would have nothing in it that could hurt his little girl."

The rain pattered on the roof.

Dimple did not like to hear it at first.

Then, as the drops fell, she began to count the loud drops and the low drops.

At last she fell fast asleep in the cradle as she counted the drops.

When papa came home to dinner, no Dimple could be found.

BRAVE LITTLE DIMPLE.

They looked all over the house, except in the attic and the cellar.

"She is such a little coward, she would not go where it is dark," said papa.

"Her little cloak and hood are here!" said mamma; "she has not left the house."

It was Dimple's dog that found her.

The attic door was open a little way, and he pushed it wide open with his nose, and went up.

Dimple's papa followed with a lamp.

They found Dimple in the old wooden cradle fast asleep.

"Dimple, my little daughter," said papa, "why did you hide up here?"

"I came to try to like the dark,"

BRAVE LITTLE DIMPLE.

said Dimple; "I do not mean to be a coward."

Three long hours had little Dimple been in the 'great dark attic.

She never was afraid again to be alone in the dark.

Dimple was only five years old then. Now she is a tall lady.

Her own little boys and girls like to hear her tell the story of the dark, rainy day in the attic.



HOW TOOTS HELPED MAMMA..

There was an iron box to drop letters in not far from the house where Toots lived.

Toots lived in the city. This little box was fastened to an iron fence.

Toots had often been there with his big brother to drop letters in.

When Toots' mamma had any letters for the mail-box she laid them on the corner of the hall table.

One day when she was getting

HOW TOOTS HELPED MAMMA.

ready for a drive, she laid a large bundle there.

The bundle had some goods in it. These goods were to be returned to a large store.

While Toots mamma was putting on her bonnet, her little boy went away.

No one saw him go.

But when the family were getting into the carriage, Toots could not be found.

They looked in the stable. Toots was not there.

They searched the house. No Toots could be seen.

Then a lady in the next house opened her window. She said, "I

HOW TOOTS HELPED MAMMA.

saw your little boy going down the street."

Mamma, brother, grandma, and servants, ran to the gate.

There was Toots coming up the street. He looked smiling and happy.

"Toots put big letter in; now say thank you," he said to his mamma.

What is it Toots has done?

"What did you put in, Toots?" asked mamma.

Everyone asked questions. Toots said, "Big letter! Say thank you to Toots."

Toots' big brother went to the letter-box to see.

"Toots help mamma. Toots put in big letter!" said the little fellow

HOW TOOTS HELPED MAMMA.

merrily. The big brother came back with the bundle of goods.

A lady had seen Toots try to put the big package in the iron box.

He stood on tip-toe.

He stretched up as high as he could.

But every time the big bundle would slide back. Poor little Toots tried to put it in again and again.

At last his little face grew bright.

He took the bundle and pushed it between the slats of the fence to which the box was fastened.

He worked very hard to do this.

When it was done he seemed very happy.

The lady who saw him said he



TOOTS HELPS MAMMA.

HOW TOOTS HELPED MAMMA.

looked so pleased and so proud she wanted to go out and kiss him.

This lady knew where Toots lived.

When he had gone she went out and got the bundle to take home.

She met Toots' big brother and gave it to him. Little Toots felt very sorry when he found he had not helped mamma after all.



THE KITE THAT WOULD NOT FLY.

Fred and Harry wanted a kite.

Their playmate, Berty Day, had a handsome one.

Berty's kite went high up, over the tops of the trees in Mr. Day's garden.

It was red and white.

It had a very long tail.

Berty's big brother made it for him.

When Fred and Harry saw it,

THE KITE THAT WOULD NOT FLY.

they said, "We will make a kite too."

They ran home and told their mamma they were going to make a kite out in the wood-shed.

Their mamma offered to come out and show them how.

But both the boys said no, they knew how.

They found some sticks. They fastened them together for a kite-frame.

Their mamma gave them some pretty paper to cover the kite-frame.

The boys thought it was great fun to work in the wood-shed.

They laid the kite frame on a long bench. They fastened the pretty

THE KITE THAT WOULD NOT FLY.

paper on the frame with some flour-paste.

Next they wanted a kite-string.



THE KITE THAT WOULD NOT FLY.

Mamma brought them a whole ball of twine.

It was coarse and strong.

THE KITE THAT WOULD NOT FLY.

She smiled as she looked at the frame.

She told them not to make the tail too heavy.

“O, we know all about kites,” said Harry.

“Mamma, you can’t tell us anything about kites,” said Fred.

So mamma went back into the house.

She smiled as she went along.

At last the kite was finished. It looked very gay.

It had a beautiful long tail.

They ran in and showed it to their mamma.

“You see we *did* know how to make a kite, mamma,” they said.

Then they took it out to fly it.

THE KITE THAT WOULD NOT FLY.

Fred gave it a toss.

They both were ready to run with the string and let the kite go as high as it liked.

But the kite did not rise. It tumbled flat to the ground.

"Let me hold her," said Harry.

But the kite would not rise.

"Let us shorten the tail," said Fred.

So they shortened the tail. But the kite would not rise.

"The wind must be wrong," said Fred.

"No," said Harry. "Look at Berty's kite! It is high up among the clouds."

But nothing could make the kite rise.

THE KITE THAT WOULD NOT FLY.

Harry grew cross, and said Fred had made the tail wrong.

Fred grew cross, and said Harry had made the frame wrong.

They were very disagreeable to each other.

Just then papa came out. He looked at his two little sons. He looked at the kite.

"It is because you did not begin right," he said. "Your frame is too heavy. Some of the sticks are too long. Neither boys nor kites will rise in the world, if they begin wrong."

Then he made a new kite-frame.

His sticks were not too heavy, nor too short, nor too long.

He got new paper to cover it.

THE KITE THAT WOULD NOT FLY.

The tail was handsome, but not too long.

Fred and Harry both clapped their hands when the new kite sailed up and up, as high as Berty's kite.

Fred and Harry have made many toys since then.

They have made kites and toys, and balloons, and ball-clubs.

But they think it is a good plan every time to ask papa or mamma to show them how.

THE STORY OF A MITTEN.



LIONEL.

TWO little red mittens lay on the hall table.

These little red mittens had been knit for a small Primary school-boy.

The name of this small school-boy was Lionel.

Lionel's mamma gave the mittens to him one

THE STORY OF A MITTEN.

cold stormy Monday morning saying:

“Please do not lose them, Lionel.”

Lionel blushed when his mamma said that.

He knew that he had lost his striped mittens winter before last.

He knew that he had lost his speckled mittens last winter.

He made up his mind that he would not lose the new red ones.

So when he came home from school at night he laid the mittens together on the hall table.

Tuesday morning he found them on the hall table.

Wednesday morning he found them on the hall table.

Thursday morning he found them on the hall table.

THE STORY OF A MITTEN.

But Friday morning there was only one mitten on the hall table.

Friday morning was a freezing cold morning.

Lionel tried to think where he could have dropped the other mitten.

But he could not remember anything about it.

He went from room to room as fast as he could.

He had his fur cap on, and his ulster. His lunch basket was on his arm. He was all ready to go.

But he could not find the other mitten.

His mamma helped him look, but it was not to be found.

So, at last, he had to go with one hand in his pocket to keep it warm.

THE STORY OF A MITTEN.

This hand became very cold.

It did not get warm in time to write his lesson on the slate.

He lost his credits. He was kept after school.

That made him late to dinner.

His uncle from Boston had taken dinner with the family.

He wished to see Lionel, but could not wait.

After dinner Lionel looked again for his mitten.

But he had to go to school again without it.

The afternoon writing-lesson was this :

“ A place for everything, and everything in its place.”

Lionel thought the teacher must

THE STORY OF A MITTEN.

have heard about his lost mitten.

That night Lionel's mamma said he must take his own money and buy another pair of mittens.

Lionel had saved his pennies to buy a new fish-line.

He had to spend every cent to buy the new mittens.

He lost those new mittens several times during the winter, but found them again.

Often that winter he was very sorry he had no fish-line.

There was a bridge near his house where the men and boys came to fish through holes in the ice.

Lionel often stood on the bridge and watched them, and wished he could fish, too.

THE STORY OF A MITTEN.

He had had a long strong fish-line. But he had lost it somewhere.

One day, when the good time for fishing had gone by, he found his lost fish-line.

It was in an old tin can where he kept his bait.

At the bottom of the can he saw something more.

He drew it out. It was his lost mitten.

It was spotted and spoiled.

Then Lionel remembered he was out on the bridge that day he lost his mitten.

"I wish I could put things in their places," he said to his mamma.

"I think I must help you," said his mamma.



“WHAT HAVE I FORGOTTEN NOW?”

THE STORY OF A MITTEN.

After that, when Lionel forgot to put a thing in its place, he found a white paper pinned somewhere on his clothing.

His mamma did this to help him remember.

One morning he went into the hall to put on his ulster.

He found nine papers pinned to his coat.

These two sentences were written on each paper, in large letters :

“ REMEMBER THE MITTEN ! ”

“ REMEMBER THE FISH-LINE ! ”

Lionel ran back into the sitting-room.

He saw a heap of things on the floor.

THE STORY OF A MITTEN.

He saw a boy's jacket, a cap, two balls, a bag of marbles, a book, a broken slate, a pair of slippers, and a knife.

He had left all these things lying about the night before.

His mamma was not in the room.

But Lionel's face felt very red and hot while he put these things away.

Lionel is nearly cured now of his fault.

But once in a while he still finds a white paper pinned to his sleeve.

POLLY-KATE.

ALL the little boys and girls whom I know, say they like to read stories about parrots.

This story is about a handsome green parrot, and it is true.

I knew this handsome green parrot when I was a little girl,

It belonged to my little school-mate, Kate.

Its name was Polly.

But this naughty parrot told every-



"GOOD-BY ! TIME TO GET READY FOR SCHOOL."

POLLY-KATE.

body that its name was Polly-Kate!

Kate and I always went to school together. Our houses stood side by side, with a garden between them.

We played together in this garden, in the morning before school time.

When we were playing, we sometimes heard some one calling us:

"Girls! girls! come in! come in! Time to get ready for school!"

How we would run!

We would stop to kiss each other through the gate, then Kate would run into her house, and I would run into my house.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" the maid often asked.

"Is it not time for school?" I would answer,

POLLY-KATE.

“No,” she would say. “I think Polly has cheated you again.”

Then we would run back into the garden.

One day Kate’s mamma said to me, “Jenny, you must take dinner with Kate to-day. I shall have roast duck.”

“Quack! quack! quack!” called Polly-Kate from her cage.

So I went home to dinner with Kate.

Kate’s papa was late that day, and Polly grew hungry.

At last Kate’s papa came, and we sat down to dinner.

Polly-Kate stood in her cage and looked down at us. She bowed her head just as we did, when grace was

POLLY-KATE.

said, and looked like a good parrot.

Every day, as soon as grace was said, Kate's papa put a potato on a fork, and the servant gave it to Polly.

Then Polly-Kate would say, "O, my! thanks! thanks!"

But Kate's papa said a very long grace this time.

Polly-Kate did not like it.

She was very, very hungry.

She shook her head again and again.

At last, she could not be patient any longer.

"Say amen!" she screamed. "Polly-Kate wants potato!"

Because we laughed, Polly-Kate thought she had done right. She

POLLY-KATE.

grew very fond of saying "amen."

At last she always was carried down into the kitchen at dinner time.

But I think the mischief Polly-Kate liked best, was to call us in from our play in the garden.

Sometimes she would speak like Kate's mamma.

Sometimes she would speak like my mamma.

She could make her voice sound like the voice of anybody in either family. She liked to do that.

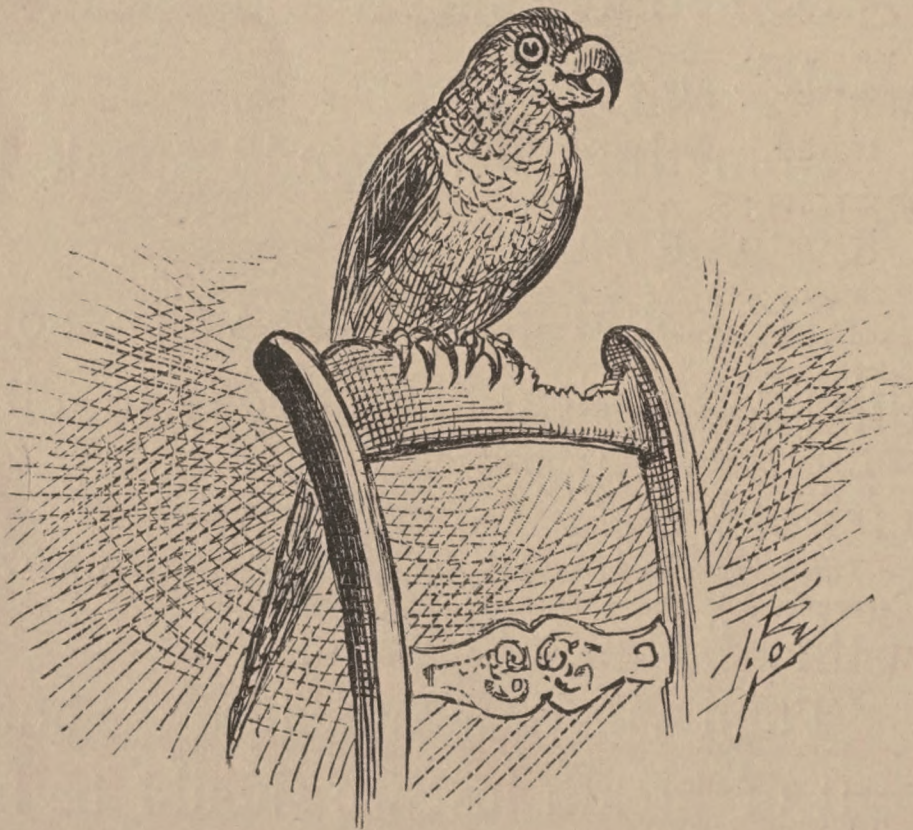
"Quick! quick, girls!" she would call. "You will be late!"

Then when we came into the house, out of breath lest we should be late, the naughty rogue would stand in her cage and laugh as hard as she could.

POLLY-KATE.

“Such fun ! such fun !” she would say.

Polly-Kate liked to see us vexed,
Was she not a rogue ?



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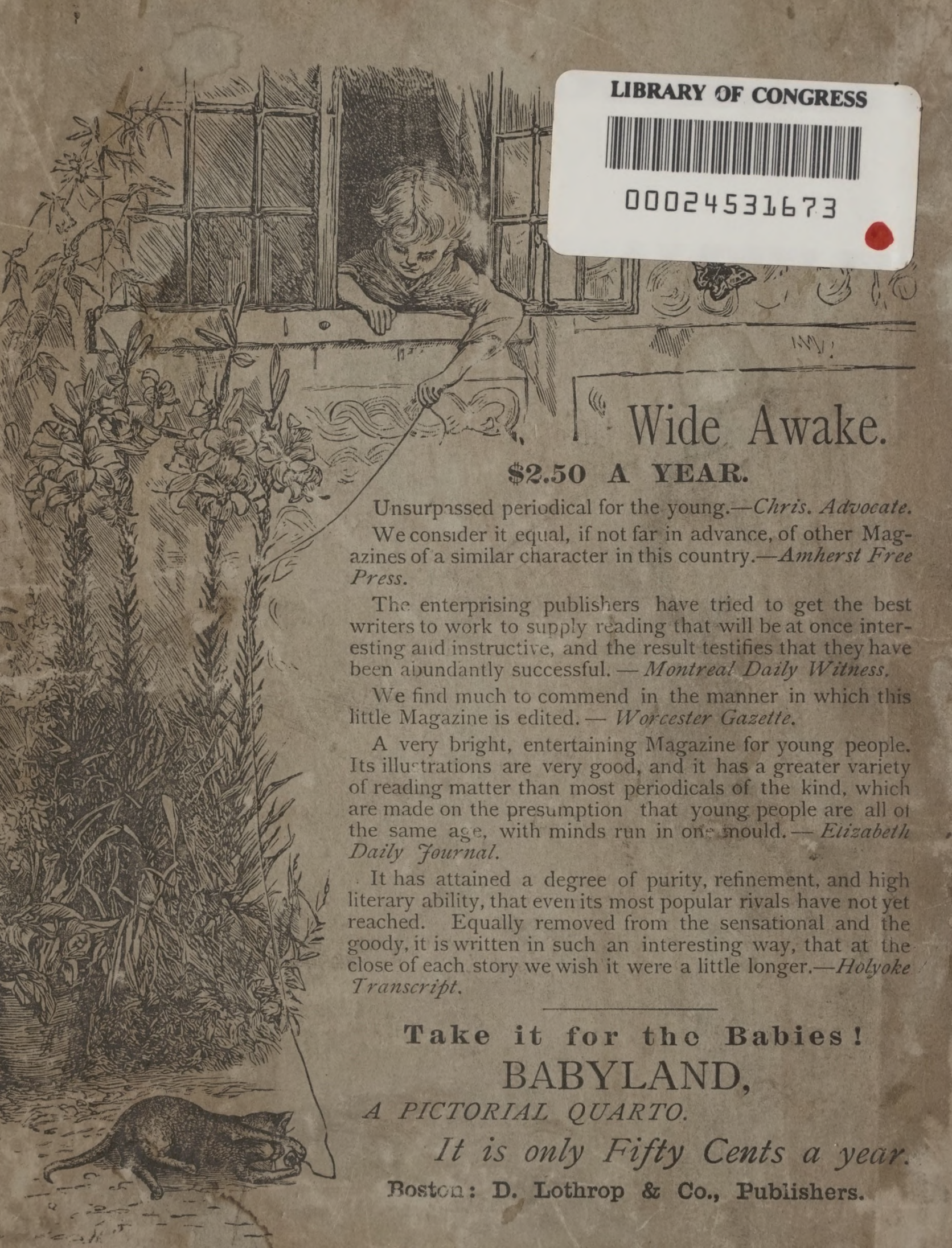
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